The COMMONWEAL

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The Pope's Address and Others

THE Christmas message of Pope Pius XII heads a series of speeches, messages and talks which have punctuated the strange holiday season of 1940-41. Even before the President's fireside chat and the New Year messages, a formidable accumulation of documents had piled up dealing with the world, the war and our problems. Education, advertising, propaganda are proving their eminence as instruments of policy in contemporary affairs. It is doubtful if they are easier on the whole man than are the more exclusively material instruments used before and still used as weapons in the struggles between men.

Holiday Messages

The Pope's address was rigorously "non-political" in the sense His Holiness himself declared (in the official English summary):

> In the midst of the contrasting systems which are part of our times and dependent upon them, the Church cannot be called upon to favor one more than another. In the orbit of universal value that Divine Law, whose authority obliges not only individuals but nations as well, there is ample room and liberty of action for the most varied forms of political opinion; whilst the practical application of one political system or another depends in large measure and often quite decisively upon circumstances and causes which, considered in themselves, are extraneous to the purpose and action of the Church.

This exclusion of politics from the Christmas Address makes it appear less excitingly dramatic to a public whose attention is focused on armed conflict and whose appreciation of meanings is jaded by the overwhelming physical cataclysms precipitated in rapid fire succession by the direct application of force. But the five spiritual prerequisites which the Pope puts before the creation of a decent new order are practical necessities, and the degree to which they are realized will in fact govern the political settlement of this war and social chaos.

How can this reality be given dramatic interest such as naturally goes to Graziani's report to Il Duce, Churchill's radio speech to Italy, William Allen White's announcement of his intentions, Colonel Lindbergh's surprised commendation of White, Mrs. Lindbergh's plea for sending supplies to the conquered countries—even to the ordinary publicity of the committees to influence American foreign policy, the ordinary press releases of senators and of administrators? Perhaps only by our overcoming the fear of ends and the hypnotism of means. In wartime, objectives become more and more limited and they are so passionately concentrated upon that the overwhelming interest is absorbed by the unfoldment of methods directed toward those limited objectives. This is true even when everyone recognizes that the special objectives, if attained, cannot possibly bring security, freedom, creative life by themselves. Spiritual interest and drama require a longer view. A horizon limited to military goals does not include a vision of those goals and that régime which are "triumph over hate . . . over mistrust . . . over the distressing principles that utility is a basis of law and right . . . over those germs of conflict which consist in two-sided differences in the field of world economy . . . over the spirit of cold egoism." In war also, one must focus attention beyond war.

Rabulism

THE U.S. has been doing a lot of things Germany doesn't like, and the Germans have been doing a lot of things we don't like. What we do has the power of affecting not very indirectly the outcome of Germany's war. Eventually Germany was bound to squeak, and now she has done so. The foreign office "spokesman" seems to have been pretty excited about it, too (which is in true Party style): "We have got used in recent times to the fact that certain circles in the United States, in formulating action that from the viewpoint of international law can have but one meaning, are being guided by rabulistic reasoning, according to which in formulating their actions they try to give a slant to them which is calculated to inculcate the impression that they are measures solely of a kind that

Cease and Desist

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is beyond criticism from the viewpoint of international law." Which being translated means that our government has been treating international law as a shyster would treat civil law—to let his client get away with things the law is supposed to prevent. All of this is probably true. "Our interest is increasing," he went on to say, "because it is not tenable in the long run that in a discussion—be it in only the press—concerning questions which are of vital significance for political relations between two nations that one nation continually observe a restraint [!] onto self-effacement while the other permits a policy from morn until night of pinpricks, injury, insult, challenge and moral aggression." We are glad that the pinpricks admittedly stop at night. And of course the "spokesman" assumes that the American press and public are fully as compliant as his own. All in all the situation remains unchanged, except that Germany has officially squeaked. As long as Japan doesn't declare war on us, it's a safe bet we, or no one, will do the declaring.

Payments from Latin America

Finance and Exchange

THE EXPORT-IMPORT BANK has loaned $60,000,000 to Argentina to fix up her most serious foreign exchange difficulties. It is encouraging to have the New York *Times* noting that that action "still does not solve the critical problem confronting the country. More and broader markets for Argentina's products are needed. . . . The only way she can repay interest and principal will be for the United States to increase imports of various products which we are now taking in limited quantities." Such a generalization could be made about nearly every country in Latin America. And it is not an impossible object of desire. The United States has an awful lot of money frozen in Latin America on which interest and capital payments are next to impossible as long as we import from them as little as in the past. Big government loans to those countries, which are allocated to those payments, simply shift the burden from present corporate and personal owners of the defaulted Latin American bonds to the taxpayers of the US. New business is needed. One possible way out is to shift purchases there from other parts of the globe. South American sources of commodities now shipped from the Far East and Africa could be developed by making a US market for them sure. An over-all development of Latin American economy would in the normal course of events bring increasing imports from that territory. The newspapers and the banks in this country are giving new signs of recognizing these facts. They are pointing out what things Latin America could furnish us which we now buy in more distant and dangerous markets—many of the products "strategic." They are pointing out that we can never get paid for past or present loans unless we do buy goods from them.

It is clear that when money is sent from here to take care of financial obligations incurred in the past, when it is sent down merely to be transferred and returned to US bondholders, nothing creative is accomplished. When money is sent down to develop production or extraction of products which the US wants to buy, then genuine exchange is built up. When money is sent down to develop the internal economies of Latin American states, those countries can put themselves in a way to get more foreign and specifically US business in productive fashion too. The Export-Import loan to Brazil for the building of iron and steel mills was in this latter category. That money will not be wasted on swank or politics and it will not be sent back right away in the vain attempt to keep ahead of private North American creditors. The United States will get back some of the money quickly in payment for machinery and technical assistance. Then a steel industry will strengthen Brazil economically so that it is certainly to be expected that any falling off of the Brazilian market for American steel will be more than compensated for by the development of a general more thriving modern industrial market for a thousand and one of our products south of the Amazon.

Farm Prospects for 1941

Plenty and Headache

BOUNTIFUL harvests and good moisture conditions favoring bumper crops continue to plague American farmers and traders in "futures." Concern was the keynote in year-end agricultural comment; more government help was the plea of the American Farm Bureau Federation; a lag in farm income far behind the national defense boom was the prediction of the Department of Agriculture. Girding for defense cannot hide the persistence of such national headaches as industrial unemployment and insecurity, mounting surpluses and sagging prices for export crops—wheat, cotton, tobacco, etc. Generous shipments to Britain, the conquered countries of Europe, the Chinese, could temporarily relieve the pressure. So, too, would adequate diets for such badly nourished Americans as Oakies, Arkies, sharecroppers, urban Negroes. So too would further extension of the food stamp plan. But good as all this would be, it would not meet the farm surplus and related problems. It is said that some Department of Agriculture officials realize this and are slowly working toward agricultural reform that will effect a lasting cure. Another good sign is the development of a thresher-trailer for small farms with the help of

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the TVA. Demonstrations were given in 100 counties this past fall to show farmers the advantage of such a tool in their program of building up the soil. The family is the focus for long-range agricultural reform. Farms will be smaller and crops more diversified. Food for the family and feed for the stock come first; cash crops are of real but secondary importance. Whatever ups and downs result from wars and armistices, from storms and droughts, one-crop mass production farming will lead to the same dead end in the long run. And the choice between surpluses and adequate markets is also the choice between mass production, that is ultimately self-defeating, and man.

Shall the Gifted Child Be Segregated?

What of Democracy?

A RECENT conference at Teachers' College of Columbia University on the education of gifted children was addressed by a score of the products of such education. Now in their twenties, they were among the first pupils to be segregated for special classes on the basis of outstanding IQ's—a practice widely followed today—and they appeared at the conference to testify on their intervening experiences of life. These included in many cases the maladjustments of improper age and social grouping in the schools following their earlier classes; several of the speakers also warned against the growth of snobbery and intolerance among segregated groups. But significant as these statements are of one of the defects of educational "pushing," they leave even more important aspects of the problem untouched. There is, first, the effect, not on those who are pushed, but on those who are left behind—the accepted mediocrities of the school, the academic helots, publicly branded as such. It may be seriously questioned whether there is not some direct correlation between the admitted lapse in intellectual performance by the average pupils in our schools, and the growing use of IQ tests among our educators; it may be seriously doubted whether either those whom the tests publicly leave behind, or their teachers, make the effort for excellence which they would make in a single undifferentiated group. And there is, secondly, the function of education in democracy. The democratic substructure, if it is laid at all, must largely be laid in the schools. The fusion into a recognized common life, with shared aims, duties and pleasures, with friendships that cut across many distinctions and with standards that exalt character as well as brains—this is the pattern, in embryo, of what adult life must be in a going democracy; and it is the business of the schools to produce this pattern. Nor, certainly, need the exceptional child be sacrificed in producing it. It should be the recognized function of the school to give extra aliment to the hungry mind. That this can be done by understanding and capable teachers, entirely within the framework of general school life, many grateful "exceptional children" from a remoter past can testify. But it will never be done while the tendency to special categories continues; while it is possible for an educator to win approval from other educators by suggesting that the state have asylums for gifted as it has for feeble-minded.

Religious Art

Jean Charlot

WE WRITE abundantly about peace, justice, understanding, because these are both highly desirable and, in our world today, most deplorably absent. And throughout the years that this magazine has been published there have been repeated discussions in its pages concerning the nature of religious art, something which also is highly desirable and at present sadly deficient. In the treatment of this subject one point at least has been settled for us if not for all, and that is that the Christian art of our day, if it is to be real and living, may not be archeological. The artist may not, simply because he is painting a religious subject, content himself with copying the religious painting of the past. His technical equipment results from the accumulated experience of all artists of all the ages: his vision must be his own, fresh and direct. Analysis of the relationship between the artist and the Christian, as of that existing between the scientist and the Christian, is useful and necessary and can lead to a definition of what the relationship should be. Yet it cannot create the Christian artist.

Jean Charlot is showing now in New York the work he has done in religious painting. We visited his exhibition and it was a wonderful relief to see the synthesis of art and religious subject and feeling realized for once otherwise than in words—in life and fact after so many efforts to describe it in theory. Here a contemporary artist has painted the Stations of the Cross in a style entirely related to his own artistic development. He has told the story in his own language: his meditation on the scenes to be presented has been deeply serious, profoundly Christian. With undeniable devotion it is a man of our times who has spoken. In the other work shown he makes manifest his deeply Christian preoccupation with the problem of human persecution. Thus his numerous "Flights into Egypt" are constant symbols for all the refugees in the world. The French Dominican, Father Couturier, has said that Charlot's painting "illustrates with tenderness all that, in the eyes of God, remains childlike even in the most cruel of our human dramas—or again, all that is hidden of pity and tears behind the joy and laughter of average Christian life."

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American Prison Camp

The only time we did it,
everyone had a very nice time.

By Charles J. Dutton

"SAVE for the prison camps of the Civil War period, America has never known detention camps. Never in our history have men of an alien race or tongue been confined as prisoners of war in our country. Yet, if dictators should attempt to invade our soil, we will build prisons for them."

This statement, which came over the air, was a bit mixed as to construction, though one grasped the speaker's meaning. His voice was excellent, dramatic, his tones a trifle defiant. There seemed little doubt as to his patriotism, though there was much which might be said regarding his knowledge of his country's history.

"Never in our history have men of an alien race been confined as prisoners of war in our land." But the truth is, they have been, and sixteen hundred of them at that. All were captured in battle, and they spoke a language foreign to most of us, and certainly they were prisoners of war. These sixteen hundred officers and sailors were imprisoned behind a stockade with marines standing on guard. What is the more incredible, they enjoyed the experience so much that many of them, after the war was over, begged to be allowed to remain in America, protested their being returned to their native land—Spain. Most Americans, if they ever heard of it, have forgotten that episode in our history. It took place just forty-two years ago.

In the early summer of 1898, New England was having an attack of the jitters. The country was at war with Spain, the Spanish fleet somewhere in the Atlantic, its exact location unknown despite the daily warnings from the yellow press. New England was nervously certain that any day or night her shores would be under attack. The crushing defeat given Admiral Cervera's fleet at Santiago on July 3, 1898, ended that dread. The seaside summer resorts, deserted up to that time, began to open for a gay season.

But that defeat presented a problem which our government had never before been called upon to face. On our hands were some sixteen hundred officers and sailors. They were prisoners of war, taken from the destroyed fleet; to make it all the more confusing, they spoke a foreign language. At first it was suggested they be interned in Florida. This brought forth cries of protest. Tampa was close to the still unconquered Cuba with its Spanish army. Besides, things were not going any too well at that moment with the American army in Florida. Typhoid was sweeping through the ranks of the volunteers. There were growing rumors regarding the unfitness of the army's food supplies. After these facts had been taken into due consideration, came another unpleasant discovery—many of the prisoners were found to be suffering from malaria. Florida, in the summer of 1898, could not be termed a health resort.

It was decided to send the prisoners north. A camp somewhere along the New England coastline, which was swept by the cool ocean breezes, would soon banish malaria. Moreover, New England was a long way from Cuba; the Spanish army could hardly dash over to effect a rescue. If the prisoners themselves proved unruly and effected their escape, they would find themselves a long way from home. Very much strangers in a strange land.

The Site

The Portsmouth Navy Yard was chosen as the site of the prison camp. The fact that time was at a premium may have had something to do with the decision. It was not to be a pretentious prison nor a permanent one. Just a stockade with wooden huts for the men. It must be thrown together as rapidly as was possible, for the government was most anxious to get the men from the south.

The Piscataqua River is deep, its icy waters flow with rapid current. The Navy Yard lies between the main shore and the neighboring state. The camp was placed on a corner of the Navy Yard, where the island comes to a point. There was built a high wooden stockade to enclose the land sides of the camp. The fence was about five hundred feet long and eight feet high, with barbed wire strung along the outside. On the east and south no barriers were required. There was a hidden reef in the middle of the stream, and the current was so swift that only the most exceptional swimmer would have been able to swim the half mile to the further shore. If the current did not stop him, the icy coldness of the water would.

The American government had had no experience in the building of camps for war prisoners.

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This one was far from being elaborate. True, there was barbed wire strung along in front of the wooden stockade, but it was only of five strands. Within the enclosure were eleven huts, a hundred feet long and eighteen feet high. These were for the use of the sailors. The under officers had two small barracks. The largest building was the mess hall, which was two hundred feet long and seventy-five feet wide. It served for an amusement hall as well. These buildings were all constructed within three weeks after word had been received to start. Evidently red tape did not get in its deadly delays.

Late in an afternoon toward the end of July, the prisoners were landed. Two ocean liners, the *St. Paul* and the *St. Louis,* brought them into the harbor. There were very few spectators at the Navy Yard to see the landing. Among the privileged guests were two small boys, of which I was one; I was there because my father had been appointed as a chaplain to the new arrivals.

It had been a long wait. We had been gathered there since early morning. Down by the water's edge were two lines of marines. Small launches would come up to the river, dock for a moment, while some officer would land, then vanish. There was no band, no ceremonies. Not the slightest sign of gloating over the men whose fleet had been destroyed.

1600 men

Sixteen hundred officers and men were landed that July afternoon. They were a sorry looking group. In the entire number, save for the officers, one would surely not have been able to find more than a dozen complete uniforms. Some were half naked, many were in garments which at best could only be described as rags. They were undersized men for the most part, slight in physique, and very young. Later I was to discover many of these men had been conscripted into the Spanish fleet, that the prisons of Spain had been searched for men just before the sailing of the fleet.

They were at first a frightened group. Somehow the story had passed through their ranks that they were being brought ashore to be shot. If that fate did not befall them they were to be sentenced to hard labor. As they embarked from the tender to fall into line between the marines and nothing happened to them, their attitude quickly began to change. There was some sort of a roll call, which took, it seemed to me, a long time. While it was going on, the sick and the wounded were being brought ashore in litters and taken to the naval hospital.

Marched under guard of the marines to the stockade, with their own under-officers in charge, the men were first ordered to bathe, then were outfitted with new clothing. Since most of them when captured had been stripped for action, they had had no opportunity to secure their personal possessions before their ships went down. New clothing was indeed sadly needed.

As they entered the stockade which was to be their home for almost four months, they were given at the gate a cup, spoon and plate. The first meal consisted of hash, half a loaf of bread and coffee. The fact that they could receive a second helping seemed to be the thing that astonished them the most. After several days their fears dropped away and they settled down to what must have been an enjoyable summer.

They were prisoners of war, it is true, but they were well treated, had but little to do, were enjoying the summer months in the very heart of the New Hampshire and Maine shore resort section. Across from their camp was New Castle; they could see the Isle of Scholes ten miles out to sea. Their food was good, better in quality and quantity than had been their rations aboard their own ships. It cost about twenty cents for the daily rations of each prisoner. Two thousand pounds of fish and meat, fifty bushels of potatoes, eleven hundred loaves of bread came into the stockade each day. Later there was to be wide discontent regarding the food the American soldiers received in that war. Cries of "tainted beef" and graft were to ring throughout the land. Nothing like that was ever said regarding the food of these prisoners.

There was of course little for the men to do. They kept their barracks clean, a task requiring but a few minutes each day; after that their time was their own. The Christian Commission had a barracks and supplied books, games and writing paper. There were games and plenty of petty gambling among the men. Once a week they washed their clothing. Although they could not go outside of the stockade, yet within was perfect freedom. Their own officers handled the question of discipline. There was never any trouble. Outside the stockade were the marines on guard, likewise with little to do.

Under the cool breezes from the Atlantic the fever vanished. It was a healthy camp, with but little sickness. Only thirty-three died, a death rate per thousand far less than with our own American army which at that time was stricken with yellow fever. The Spanish dead were buried with full honors in the nearby naval cemetery.

Once a week

Once a week Admiral Cervera came down from Boston to see his men. This kindly, ill-fated Admiral, who looked far more like a typical red-faced Englishman than a Spaniard, came alone, without any guard, and was received with no formal honors. He simply boarded a train, got off at Portsmouth, took a trolley car to Kittery, then

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walked over the bridge to the Navy Yard. There was not the slightest sign of ill feeling against him. Most people thought he had been dealt a pretty hard blow by fate—all admitted he was a kindly gentleman.

One afternoon about four, I, a small boy, was coming up Government Street in Kittery. A dusty street, and save for a trolley car which was waiting for fifteen minutes before going on to Portsmouth, it was deserted. There was one individual on the car—the Admiral. Climbing up, I seated myself, and to my surprise the Admiral spoke to me in English. I remember that his arm was around me, that he dug out of his pockets several envelopes and gave me some Spanish stamps. We sat there till the car started, when he went on his way back to Boston.

Though I am not certain as to his status as a prisoner, it is my belief that he was under some sort of control by the Boston Navy Yard. During the summer I saw him every week. I can remember that as he entered the stockade the first person to greet him was a small midshipman, who could not have been more than thirteen years of age. He would rush to the Admiral, climb up into his arms, embrace him, then, hand in hand, the two would start the tour of inspection. My father used to say he had been told this was his grandson. But I have no certainty on that point.

His visits frequently were made on a Sunday —the gala day in the stockade. After Mass for the prisoners, for they had their own priests from their ships and their own chaplain in the stockade, came the major events of the week. Each Sunday afternoon there was a bull fight. True, there were no bulls, no horses, no arena. Yet the bull fights as staged created such excitement that one could hear the yells of the prisoners at the further end of the Navy Yard.

There would be a great ring in the center of the stockade. Two prisoners represented the bull. They had a cardboard representation of a bull's head. A few blankets completed the illusion. It took, however, three men to form a horse and his rider. Two for the animal, and the third riding upon their backs. Sometimes in the fights the bull lost his head. Sometimes a horse split in two. Occasionally both horse and bull vanished and one saw only five men rolling about in the dust.

No desire to escape

If any of the prisoners had any idea of escaping it was never known. Two sides of their prison were unguarded save by the cold, swift-flowing river. But no prisoner made the slightest attempt to escape. This was due partly to the fact they were enjoying their life; and the other obvious reason was that even if they managed to swim the river, they had nowhere to go, no money, no adequate knowledge of the language, no friends to aid them, no one to sympathize with them and to plot with them. In those days the American people would have thought the world had indeed collapsed had they heard any citizen sympathizing with Spain. No one wanted to escape. Why should they? They were being treated far better than ever before in their lives.

The summer of 1898 was an unusually fine one, as if New England was trying to be gracious to its unasked guests. But there came the time when the last of the summer cottages closed. Then the war ended, just as the fall was about half spent. It was time for the prisoners to be returned home—to Spain.

But the majority of the men interned did not wish to be returned home. Many requested to be allowed to remain in America and to become citizens. Some wept when they heard they were going home. Even the officers were far from being pleased. But go back they must, all of them.

I had seen the prisoners landed. I saw them when they embarked for home. There was a vast difference in the men I had seen landed that late July afternoon and those who left our country in November. These men were cheerful, well dressed, healthy, unafraid. They had all gained in weight. Whatever might be their wonder as to their ultimate reception when reaching Spain, at least they bore in their hearts no ill will toward their late enemies. As they went into the tenders to be taken to the two gray ships at the river's mouth, they were cheering. They left our shores cheering the marines who had been their guards outside the stockade walls.

Such was the first and last experience of the United States in running a camp for war prisoners of an alien race and tongue. All we did was to treat them as human beings. No one was flogged in that camp, no one insulted, none was ever tortured. Almost without exception they returned to Spain in better condition and morale than when they left their native land.

The Jacaranda Tree

(South African Spring)

Turn not your face from me, my love,
Draw not your hand apart,
But like this flowering tree, my love,
Lift up my heart

The jacaranda tree, my love,
Tosses its stars on high;
You are its bloom for me, my love,
Its scent, its sky.

Be like this generous tree, my love—
October flowered as May;
Turn not your face from me, my love,
Draw not your hand away.

SARA MAYNARD.

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The Bill of Rights and Justice

What is the true nature of a document much discussed but little understood?

By **Elizabeth M. Lynskey**

TODAY, as in other times of stress, the subject of liberty is again under heated discussion. Under the triple threat of unemployment, war, and the totalitarian exaltation of the state, liberty has been attacked and defended in a variety of aspects in this country during the last ten years. Now the fear of fifth column activities, whether national socialist, fascist or communist, has come to sharpen interest. Examples of this interest are manifold: congressional investigations of un-American activities; increasing numbers of lay and religious leaders who view the dangers with alarm; the growing number of anti-alien bills; the rush of aliens for naturalization; moves to fingerprint the whole population; the sudden emphasis on civil liberty by the Communist Party—officers, journals and sympathetic "front" organizations; the extraordinary variety of cases involving the First and Fourteenth Amendments before the Supreme Court in the last few years; the internal reorganization and final dissolution of the League for Peace and Freedom; the "purge" of the American Civil Liberties Union; violence in clashes over race and religion in larger cities; the re-appearance of bombing; increased guard over public buildings and reservoirs as well as over arsenals; the mobilization of the National Guard; widespread army maneuvers; conscription. What might not be expected in today's situation is apathy—indifference to the Bill of Rights, inability or unwillingness to connect an attack upon justice and freedom abroad with the possible loss of justice and freedom here.

Signs of such indifference are unmistakable all around us. The college student airily dismisses the free way of life as "obsolete"; the supposedly responsible adult says: "The Bill of Rights was well-intentioned, but it proposes an impossible ideal; it is unworkable; it should be abolished." Such comments mean either that our civilization has outgrown legal protection of the individual, or they mean that the system is nobler than the mass of men for whom it was framed. Are such statements emotional reaction to fear or ignorance, a failure to distinguish between proper and exaggerated liberty, or do they arise from ignorance of the system, the facts of the law? Catholics especially should be extremely careful in speaking on these matters, for the ideal citizen of the Bill of Rights closely approximates man as conceived by Catholic philosophy. Behind the system lies a concept of personal dignity—an idea of an upright, just man; a responsible moral man, who fulfils his duties and sustains his rights.

Both from the point of view of history as well as that of ethics, Catholics should have particular interest in continuing our charter of liberties in full force. The structure of freedom in the Constitution of the United States is a product of English and our own experience. A few ideas are those of the French Revolution, others derive from struggles against arbitrary kings, both Catholic and Protestant, still others came from the days when all England was Catholic, the days of Magna Charta.

In one outstanding respect the English (and American) theory of rights differs from that of non-English constitutions. Englishmen did not sit down and work out a theory of rights and then enact it in declaratory or statute form, so that rights should be a product of statutes and might perish with them. At certain times in their history they did work out partial declarations of theory; it is also true that English rights might disappear. But Englishmen began rather with the principle that law was based on right and on human freedom, which antedate the law in statute form; they took it for granted in the courts that statutes were to interfere as little as possible with the pre-existing freedom and responsibility of a just man.

During the course of nine hundred years, the struggle for the freedom of man rose and died and rose again like the flame of a smouldering fire. Slowly, accidentally, almost as a matter of trial and error, leaders and people found not only principles of political behavior, but practical methods of meeting abuses of liberty, methods founded on a concept of just law, institutional remedies rather than verbal guarantees. Once the remedy was found workable, responsible men generally felt it their duty to see it enforced, "one for all and all for one" as a part of the "rule of law." Taught in the English schools, all this was well known to the author of the Declaration of Independence, the founders of our republic.

In conserving a "sphere of anarchy" to persons, the Constitution draws a portrait of the person

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for whom this freedom is intended, by whom it will be fulfilled. From thoughtful consideration of the Constitution, one can piece together a concept of society and an ideal of a citizen of high moral standard.

The ideal is not confined to the Bill of Rights but is scattered through the whole instrument. Some very important provisions may be found along with the general powers granted or denied to a division or branch of government. There one finds the articles covering treason, the writ of habeas corpus, bills of attainder, ex post facto laws, and titles of nobility. Even some of the checks and balances of the theoretic separation of powers, devised to prevent tyranny, work in the direction of self-realization for the citizen. In the Bill of Rights, however, is the main body of principles governing justice and freedom. Their order is interesting. Like the Ten Commandments, which begin with the duty of man toward God, the basis of his duty toward his neighbor, the Bill of Rights places first things first. Amendments one through four set forth the primary rights of the civil order, lacking which a man cannot be called free. Amendments four through eight endeavor to assure him justice, a fair hearing when accused of crime, equality before the law. Amendments nine and ten, devoted to the Constitutional theory of power rather than to rights, nevertheless declare their faith in ordinary men by their reservation of undelegated powers and unprohibited powers to states and people, and their protection of the rights of the people in the exercise of any new power.

The society proposed by our provisions for liberty is by no means Utopian or ideal, but a human society capable of innumerable errors, of practices which the authors of the Constitution had learned both by experience and by their study of history and law to consider evil. In this society, no matter what form it might have, ruling authorities might use their power for personal advantage, and private men might act with base motives of personal gain or spite toward their neighbors by trying to get them into public disgrace. In it military men might use force to intimidate innocent men; executives might enhance their power in the direction of absolutism by gaining control of the army or by manipulating the courts; public prosecutors might be vain or lazy, might ambitiously seek fame by securing convictions on dubious evidence; lawmakers might set out to punish and penalize those whom they disliked or with whom they differed; judges might betray justice for political or pecuniary reasons. A man who disagreed with the governing group might be charged with treason, a poor man might be unable to get justice from the courts, men once acquitted by a jury might have their reputations ruined and their lives made miserable by recurring trials. The free interchange of opinion might be ended by forbidding the sale of books and newspapers, public protest might be silenced by the supervision or abolition of public gatherings. Personal papers and letters might be spied upon, home entered for flimsy reasons, conversations recorded. Religion might constitute a barrier to political position; religious observance might be considered treasonable. All of these practices had occurred at one or more times in England before 1787. Many of them in identical or more refined form are newly in fashion in totalitarian states today. Some of them are being urged here. All of them were possibilities which the authors of the Constitution wished to avoid. They knew that the remedies would be of little value unless properly used by a morally aware citizenry.

The framework of rights is built on the hypothesis that the free man is a just and moderate man who knows the boundaries of freedom and will live within them; on the idea that the average man prefers to be free, and will permit others to live as he does.

Let us see in part how these principles work out for a man accused of crime. Since the aim was to secure justice for every one, all possibilities for injustice were canvassed, and the known remedies set up against them. The final result of each of the remedies or all of them put together is a fair hearing for the accused, and no more. The fair-mindedness of the average citizen is assumed, as well as the incorruptibility of the judge. Assumed also is the responsibility of the common man, his willingness to devote his time to public service by performing his duty on grand or petit jury. The fairness of the law was either taken for granted, or the known possibilities for legislative unfairness were circumvented by the prohibition of bills of attainder and ex post facto laws. Under the latter no man could be more severely judged before the law than the law itself required when his action took place. It is assumed that a man will not lightly embroil himself with the law, but that if he does so, he knows the law and its penalties.

By prohibiting bills of attainder, the Constitution made it necessary for a hearing to be judicial; it made it impossible for a lawmaking body to declare a man guilty of crime by a mere legislative fiat, and itself remain within the law; it forbade Congress to penalize the descendants of such a man beyond the limits of law, by making them unable to appear in court on their own merits. Since bills of this sort were usually employed to brand a man traitor, and since "treason" had covered a multitude of acts, including the holding of religious beliefs other than those of the government in power, this prohibition was needed; it still is needed. Modern times have seen the extension of "treason" to cover the holding of economic and political beliefs other than those of the gov-

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ernments in power. It has been used to justify the execution of millions of persons, whose "crime" was not attempted, forcible overthrow of their governments, but disbelief in the tenets thereof, or passive resistance to the application of such theories.

The American people has taken such things for granted so long that they neither question whether they are observed, nor, in many cases, understand the terms or their purposes. Students without historical training often leap to the conclusion that a grand jury indictment is required in order to save the cost of trying a man against whom the evidence is unconvincing. The grand jury serves other purposes in ethics. It achieves several aims at once. It assures him that the government will not put his name under a serious cloud or his life at stake on the accusation of a single person, that the public officer who prosecutes him will not also be his only accuser, that fellow citizens will take the responsibility of sifting out the charges before he is publicly accused. In their effort to expedite justice and *reduce* its costs, a number of states have dispensed with grand jury indictments; the Supreme Court of the United States has held that it is not a necessary part of "due process of law" in the states.

The writ of habeas corpus is also misunderstood by persons without knowledge of history or law. They often think that this writ, once obtained, frees a prisoner, whereas it only brings him to the attention of a judge. The advantage of such action is to transfer responsibility for his detention from an executive officer, who may have acted hastily, to a judicial officer, whose action is supposed to be cool and considered, as befits a man trained in justice. In fact the purpose of legal and Constitutional provisions may be evaded. If federal marshals or district attorneys keep a prisoner in motion, daily change his place of confinement, they may make it difficult for him to reach an attorney, or for the attorney to get a writ from the court with proper jurisdiction. At the same time a powerful criminal ring with political influence may have a member of the gang freed by a politically controlled judge, almost before a charge has been posted by an arresting officer. The cure for such a situation is to do away with the ring, rather than the writ. The right to have the writ executed is no guarantee of freedom. The writ only secures a judicial examination of the reasons for commitment; it does not protect a man from the law. His return to freedom depends on the law, the evidence against him, the judgment of the judge, and the law-abiding character of the officers holding him in custody. The value of the writ as an instrument of justice is that a man can set about getting himself a fair hearing under the law, without waiting for the government to set the law in motion. He thus becomes personally responsible for his status as a prisoner. If he is ignorant of his rights, or dubious as to whether he will receive justice under them, the writ will have less value.

Further provisions for personal responsibility are made for trials as well as for the process of accusation under the Bill of Rights. A man is entitled to hear what is said against him, to be silent if he so wishes in the face of the accusation, to have a jury of his equals, to be tried in a court of the locality where his action occurred, to summon witnesses under compulsion, and to have the assistance of counsel.

Underlying these conditions is the assumption that truth and justice can best be served by an open hearing in the presence of those who are most likely to know and understand the circumstances. It is assumed that men will rely on the law rather than on violence for their protection, that public questioning will expose the truth even among liars, that citizens called to jury service will have intelligence to sift the truth from evidence and the courage to see justice done. Love for truth and justice, a willingness to serve their cause, intelligence and courage to try to put them into effect in this limited world—is this too much to expect of our fellow citizens, in the name of personal dignity, as a substitute for violence?

These things can hardly be called obsolete, although they may become so if the spirit to endure is lacking in men. In this time of almost unlimited power for prosecutors in Russia, for example; of sudden disappearances of men from public mention in Austria, in North Africa, in Poland and Norway and what was France; of lame explanations of "protective custody"; of judges whose first requirement for office is that they be members of the only "legal" party; in these days of execution without trial, of witnesses political, perjured and terrorized, the rights of an accused person under our Constitution are not to be lightly held or discarded.

Undoubtedly some of these considerations explain why Congress immediately cut out one of President Roosevelt's recommendations for reorganization of the federal courts. It would have permitted the President to transfer any federal judge to any federal court for the original hearing of a case in which the interpretation of the Constitution was involved. It might have speeded up Constitutional interpretation in favor of the President, but it would also have permitted the law-enforcing agency, often a party to the suit, to choose the judge who would first try it. It may be said that this suggestion would only give the government its rightful advantage in settling issues of general as opposed to personal welfare; it may be said that Congressmen's jealousy of Presidential power contributed to the committee's action. It nevertheless remains true that government is

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the work of men subject to the temptations of power. Past experience should be a warning against identifying the prosecutor with the judge. Especially when the free way of government is subject to the strains of unemployment and of war, were a President personally ambitious, vain or domineering, the possibility of direct immediate tampering with judges would be large. The first step in this direction could easily be the appointment of men untrained in the law or contemptuous of it. If the temper of citizens becomes intolerant under the strain of emergency or war, morally responsible courts become the last ditch of justice and freedom. What responsibility for justice would an average citizen feel, if he could no longer have faith in the law and the courts?

The point of defense of our Constitutional rights has altered with the times, but it has been continuous. Currently the first amendment is under attack. After the Civil War, interested white men and Negro leaders first devoted themselves to the defense of the newly liberated slaves under the fifteenth amendment, then under the fourteenth; more recently they too have become interested in the first. Even though a state may not legally keep them from voting, when qualified, at a general election, the state may leave a party free to regulate its own nominations; and the only party which can win in the state, because of race prejudice, may exclude Negroes from participating in the nominations. Even though they won the right to be called, when qualified, for jury service, a peremptory challenge may keep a number of them from serving on the jury when called. The state may raise educational qualifications for suffrage at the same time that it has not offered equivalent or even parallel opportunities to meet these qualifications. Small wonder that Negroes contend that freedom and justice mean an effective voting privilege and access to learning. In this they are supported by the Communist Party, for more than one reason. Why not by more Christians?

It should be clear to thoughtful persons that the cloak of liberty is a seamless garment. Justice and liberty can be separated only with peril to both; destruction of the one often means the end of the other. So Saint Thomas More, unable to obtain an independent, fair hearing, was sentenced to death on perjured testimony, for something he had not said—for his silence. So, a few years ago, the fourteenth amendment was singled out for bitter controversy, because the words intended to prevent racial discriminations by states proved economically applicable to legal persons such as corporations. The boundary line between "general welfare" and the personal "rights" of property and contract are continually being drawn in a long line of Supreme Court decisions. Now the state, now the citizen, comes out the winner. Modern critics who call the Bill of Rights 'obsolete" are usually dissatisfied with the boundaries so far established, or with the speed of adaptation to changing conditions, particularly economic conditions. Some of them identify liberty with nineteenth century *laissez-faire* liberalism, and justice with security. Some of them place faith in systems rather than in men. These forget one lesson of history; no robot ever struggled for a Bill of Rights. Some of them believe that mankind is steadily deteriorating, without asking wherein, or why. Others merely place a low value on human character. A few place an inordinately high value on themselves. Considerable numbers have contempt for the masses of mankind, because they deny the common origin of men at the hands of God. Here is the meat of the matter, as Pope Pius pointed out in his encyclical of the feast of Christ the King.

The American charter of rights and duties is founded on historical experience, on the moral concept of personal dignity, of responsible manhood. Those who would replace it with the irresponsibility of the superman or the slave must first destroy the faith of Americans in their fellow citizens, their willingness to give them a fair hearing. That has been done in other countries. If it can be done here, those who do it may leave the Bill of Rights in any form of government they may set up. It will be a dead letter. Spiders will weave their webs over the resting places of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence in the Library of Congress, and no hand will molest them. The "sweet land of liberty" will be pagan and barbarian.

Most Excellent Senhor Padre

By Eileen Egan

WHEN I first came to Portugal, an old Portuguese religious told me that I should not return to the United States without paying a visit to a distant fishing village, by name, Povoa de Varzim.

"But," I said, "I didn't come to Portugal to make the rounds of the picturesque sights. I'm afraid I won't have time to go there."

Madre Cezimbra looked up at me and answered, "Povoa de Varzim is not a picturesque place to visit. The people are poor, poor. They keep to themselves, even to marriage, and you can still see the physical marks of another race—probably Phoenician. And," she went on, "in spite of the poverty and extreme danger of their lives, they are very holy. One of their priests once told me that in their confessions he had scarcely ever heard a mortal sin."

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Not being able to put the place out of my mind, I slipped off to Povoa de Varzim the next time I had to go to the north. Wandering alone through the unpaved streets, I chatted with the fishermen, their wives and children and saw their grinding poverty caused partly by the seasonal nature of their work. They told me of the number who every year in their frail boats lose their fight against the Atlantic. The government's help in the matter of harbor works is not yet finished, and the admirable fishermen's cooperative, the *Casa dos Pescadores,* with its day nursery, medical service and insurance, cannot quite beat the evils of the system. Three children took me around the lovely fishers' church decorated with tile seen nowhere but in this country and identified for me the numerous statues of the saints. I do not know how many churches there are which evolve at the back, behind the main altar, into a lighthouse. *Nossa Senhora da Lapa* is one. The *fraternidade* of fishermen tend the lights and have a special code of light signals to warn their kin at sea. Set in a niche in the lighthouse is a statue of Our Lady.

When I "crossed the tracks" into the bourgeois, resorty section of Povoa de Varzim, my cheeks burned. An enterprising capitalist had not long before built a bright yellow Palacio Hotel and, next to it, an equally loud casino. I wondered what thoughts the *poveiros* entertained as they, according to custom, auctioned off their hard-won wares at sunset on the beach in the shadow of the two noble buildings. (All the fisherfolk, confined to one section, call themselves *poveiros;* other inhabitants of Povoa de Varzim are called *povoenses.*) I wondered if the blatant casino and pleasure hotel had awakened in them the same passion that had suddenly seized the mind of a stranger.

In Lisbon I had heard of a man who ceaselessly championed the cause of the Portuguese worker, both industrial and agricultural . He was, I knew, a deputy in the National Assembly, elected with the fourth highest number of votes of all the 82 deputies, and a priest. The newspaper emanating from his office, *The Worker,* was known to be read to groups of factory workers in a loud voice by their fellows. His office was never free of people who came for help and for work. His title in the list of deputies was Dr. Abel Varzim da Cunha e Silva. He was known to all as Father Varzim.

When I met him I saw the blue eyes, the curly hair, the large hands of the fisherfolk of Povoa de Varzim. To my mind came the picture of the north; poor cottages and tiny gardens, small boats on the beach in front, none without its cross of Christ, children barefoot and old women carrying home the dried nuts, and behind it all, the thought of a priest who had scarcely ever heard a mortal sin . . . then civilization's gift, a great casino and a luxury hotel.

"You are a *poveiro,*" I said.

He seemed surprised to hear the word from a stranger. "Yes," he answered, "a *poveiro.*"

I understood Father Varzim.

In 1934 the Socio-Economic Secretariat of the Catholic Church in Portugal was founded to study social questions and to occupy itself with matters of social import. At the head of this secretariat is Father Varzim. The common idea that the state and church are one in Portugal is completely erroneous. Persecution of the Church and its ministers, now finished, is still vivid in the minds of the people. The Church, wary of its freedom, does not leave everything to the state, but is erecting and re-erecting social and charitable foundations and secretariats of its own. After its experience, the Church hardly needed the warning words of Dr. Salazar on the occasion of the promulgation of the new concordat with the Vatican: "The state will abstain from indulging in politics with the Church in the certainty that the Church will refrain from indulging in politics with the state." The existence of such secretariats as that of socio-economy shows the independent course of action the Church is intent on pursuing.

The Worker, a newspaper in defense of workingmen, was founded in 1934 by Catholic Action. Under Father Varzim's direction, a section of the paper was opened for questions and claims by workers. Letters came slowly at first; then they poured in. The shortcomings of former governments become apparent when it is seen that many grown men had to get their neighbors to set down their thoughts for them.

The thousands of letters are indexed and filed. Classified according to factories and industries, they represent every corner of the industrial life of the little country. Out of fear, the workers request that their names be kept secret. The authorship is not revealed, but copies of the complaints are sent to the I.N.T.P. (National Institute of Work and Welfare) for investigation. The complaints in order of frequency relate to hours of work, minimum salaries, holidays and weekly rest. All these items are covered by law. But just as we had American employers who, during the period of the NRA codes paid their employees the agreed salary for the books and then made them "kick back" a certain amount, so we have Portuguese employers who gratefully accept all the stability the "New State" has brought them, while attempting skilfully to avoid the effects of the new social legislation.

It has thus come about that the head of the Socio-Economic Secretariat possesses a dossier on factories and employers in every part of the country. Every sizable business is probably represented somewhere in his files and when he speaks, his utterances are carefully noted. When he states that Portuguese workers have been discharged for

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union activity, no one refutes him because he has the facts at his call. Though in Portugal the "New State" encourages the growth of unions as well as associations of employers, the last-named sometimes impede the growth and activity of the new organizations. It might be added that many, many employers have fully grasped the corporative ideal and put no obstacles in the way of the unions. Where letters ask for work, Father Varzim either attempts himself to find employment through the many contacts he has built up, or he forwards the letter to the agency that can deal with it. In the model filing system is recorded the disposition of each case. "See," said a French journalist visiting Father Varzim's Lisbon headquarters, "as well organized as any American business office!" The comment was true except that, unlike most American office heads, Father Varzim could himself instantly lay hands on any item that he needed. The annals of the poor are carefully arranged and guarded in that office on whose door appear the words "A Paz e Obra da Justica." Aside from their value as an index of the workingman's lot in specific situations, these letters present a picture of the Portuguese worker himself—his faith and patience, his gentleness (probably no people taken as a whole are more gentle than the Portuguese), his strivings for justice, his often surprising comprehension of what Salazar is attempting.

In addition to his work as head of the Socio-Economic Secretariat, Father Varzim sits in the National Assembly and rises every now and then to make a speech that gives the workers something to cheer for and recalcitrant employers a reason for grinding their teeth. In quarters hostile to the Church, he has earned the title of "Padre liberal." To him, who openly condemns the errors of liberalism, the adjective is odious, but nevertheless the tribute is sincere. One of his speeches dealt with the National Institute of Work and Welfare. This organization, founded in 1933, is under the sub-secretary of state for corporations and has delegates in all sections of Portugal and the isles (Azores and Madeira). Among other duties, these delegates have in their hands the protection of the interests of the worker and technical aid in the adoption of just collective labor contracts. When in 1939 it became apparent that this thoughtfully planned white hope of the growing corporative system was bogging down in some of its duties, it was Abel Varzim who in a long speech fearlessly called attention to its shortcomings.

"In the first place," he told the deputies, "I observe and have observed that the National Institute of Work is absorbed by bureaucracy. It has hardly any time left after what is spent in writing and signing papers." He made clear his point that the organization ". . . cannot come to the aid of those who are unjustly persecuted because its means of action do not at present appear to me sufficient." That was in February, 1939. Since then, the personnel of the government has been almost entirely changed. The government has shown its unceasing preoccupation with its people's problems by the creation of a subsecretariat of social assistance. Such a post is particularly necessary in view of the dislocation of Portuguese commerce and industry resulting from the war. This year (1940) Abel Varzim discussed in the National Assembly the question of unemployment. He praised the steps already taken to resolve the problem, particularly the signing of collective labor contracts by three People's Houses (rural cooperative centers) on behalf of that most forgotten of mortals, the hired agricultural laborer. At his citation of other facts, less pleasant, he was several times interrupted, but showed himself master of his material. His general conclusion was optimistic. "Portuguese corporativism, understood, obeyed, and made to obey, has in itself the force sufficient to resolve the problem of unemployment." Certainly his little country, in spite of a more or less sudden stoppage of immigration, and in spite of having the highest birth rate in Europe after Rumania, has been able through wise planning and amelioration schemes to avoid the high figures of unemployment found elsewhere.

Portugal is a country where money is very scarce. It would be expected that in such a milieu consumers' and producers' cooperatives would flourish because of the chances they offer of effecting real economies in living. Such is not the case. The Portuguese industrial workers—those living in Lisbon, Oporto, Setubal and Covilha—seem to lack the cooperative mentality. Attached to the Liga Operaria Catolica, or Catholic Workman's League, is a consumers' cooperative for food and clothes. Father Varzim has a hand in this too, for as ecclesiastical adviser to the Liga Operaria Catolica, he must help direct the cooperative. Branches of the organization have been opened in Faro, south Portugal, and in Angra do Heroismo, the Azores. Though the cooperative is four years old, there are as yet only 700 members altogether, 300 of these being enrolled in the Lisbon branch. Since cooperatives seem to be what the Portuguese workers need, the Liga, or L.O.C. as it is called, is in process of organizing branches in three more cities. It seems likely to the observer that city workers, seeing continuity in everything around them—a far cry from the good old days of a change of government or a minor revolution every other month—will begin to adopt methods of cooperation to solve their problems. The success of the government sponsored centres for fishermen and agricultural workers will be a potent factor in a change of attitude.

Father Varzim's Mass is said in a poor section of Lisbon, not in an imposing old church, but in a chapel no bigger than the vestibule of New York's

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St. Patrick's Cathedral. *Nossa Senhora da Carreira* is not even called a *capelo,* but is referred to by the diminutive form, *capelinho.* I asked Father Varzim to explain the allusion of *Nossa Senhora da Carreira* in the belief that it was another title of Our Lady. It was not, he said, a title of Our Lady at all, and could only be translated as "Our Lady of the Racetrack. He explained that formerly a racetrack had occupied that section of Lisbon. One morning I heard him in slow, simple Portuguese tell the message of the Gospel to workmen clad in the Portuguese version of blue denim overalls and to women who gave away their economic status by their cowl-draped heads. From this class at one time came only hostility for the Church. The defense of labor coming from such as Father Abel Varzim is one of the reasons that this hostility is ceasing and that the signs are abundant of a general revival of religion.

One afternoon, with his permission, I sat down to read Father Varzim's mail. Letters on paper torn from children's copy-books there were, letters hopelessly misspelled, letters with barely decipherable handwriting, but letters of simple people in trouble who write with confidence as to a friend. "Most Excellent Senhor Padre Abel Varzim:" (so runs the formal Portuguese salutation) "Fortified by the great confidence I have in your Reverence, I humbly come to ask you to aid me in my sad situation. . . ."

"Most Excellent Senhor Padre Abel Varzim: As I am ill, I have asked my wife to take this letter to you so that you could inform her about the request you made for a position for me."

"Most Excellent Senhor Padre Abel Varzim: I was passing by the Cathedral of Sao Domingos when I heard people shouting *The Worker.* I stopped and bought it." There follows a serious discussion of unemployment provoked by Father Varzim's speeches and writings on the subject. The man who had set his thoughts down for Father Varzim was an unemployed chauffeur, writing without bitterness but with a broad comprehension of the topic as it effected others as well as himself. One poor man, disgusted by the evils he had encountered, exclaimed in his letter, "Holy God, it would be better to live in Chicago!" To read these letters is to be deeply moved; to read them is to learn confidence in the stability and spirit of the Portuguese workers.

Through his work as head of the Socio-Economic Secretariat, through his direction of *The Worker,* through his speeches on behalf on justice in the National Assembly, through his advice in the Catholic Workmen's League and his aid in cooperative movements for those who most need them and, not least, through the performance of his priestly duties among the poor, Father Varzim is helping to justify his Church as the true hope of the working man.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

LORD HALIFAX'S appointment as Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States well may have, among other fortunate results, the effect of removing a source of constant, though mostly clandestine, dissatisfaction with the British government. It arose from certain facts concerning Lord Lothian, his late predecessor, strongly resented by those American Catholics aware of the facts and obliged to take cognizance of them. They were so obliged because of their reiteration, in the most hostile sense of which the facts were capable of being applied, by a whispering campaign against the late Lord Lothian, and, more directly, against the British government.

Now that Lord Halifax's appointment has definitely cleared away this particularly disagreeable situation, the whole matter might have been happily ignored, if not forgotten, were it not for the circumstance that at last the Lord Lothian "scandal," as it was often referred to by the most determined of his critics, instead of being left to remain as a thing of the past, has been brought into the arena of public discussion.

For in the December 19 issue of the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, the grounds of complaint against Lord Lothian and his government, so long whispered about and undergoing in that process the same grotesque exaggeration of their importance which unpublished gossip always takes on, are frankly published by that influential writer, the Reverend John S. Kennedy, in his department, "The Sifting Floor." And perhaps it is just as well that his threshing of the subject should separate the facts from the chaff of gossip, so that the whole matter may result in bettering, instead of worsening, American-English relations.

Ever since Lord Lothian first arrived in this country, the present writer often heard the gossip concerning the "scandal" of Lord Lothian, and well remembers the sharp recriminations against the British government which it occasioned.

The remarks I most clearly remember were especially prevalent, of course, in certain sub-circles of American-Irish-Catholic circles; in that curious under-world of our Irish-Catholic population which regards Father Coughlin as a hero, even a Saint, and Patrick Scanlan's writings as managing editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet* one of the strongest "columns" supporting the structure of one-hundred-percent-American-Catholicism.

It is a strange, misty region indeed, in which move not only the towering figure of the radio orator of Detroit and the lesser figures of his imitative microphonic missionaries of anti-Semitism, of hatred of the British Empire and of Rooseveltism-plus-the-New-Deal, and their hosts of mesmerized followers. For it is haunted also by the furtive figures of nazi and fascist agents and sympathizers—making hay for their totalitarian bosses while the sunshine of our fraudulent neutrality still permits them to be openly active. Being experts in propaganda, they skilfully

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manipulate the emotions of many good people, dazed by specious appeals to inherited hatreds, and nursing persistent prejudices against everything and anything British, even when Britain is most evidently doing what is right and good, in the common-sense opinion of the great majority of Catholic Americans and others.

It is high time that the healthy winds of public discussion should blow through this fever-breeding underworld. At long last it now may be possible to discern what stray, minor facts the underworld's anonymous gossip feeds upon, and what bearing such facts may have in explaining the causes for the wide volume of active yet underground Catholic opposition to our national policy of aiding Great Britain. Father Kennedy is to be congratulated in thus opening the subject of the years-old whispering campaign against Lord Lothian. And now for the remarks about Lord Lothian referred to above. They ran, in substance, as follows:

> How deeply the British government must despise the feelings and the principles and the influence of Catholics in the United States! They don't even bother to hide their contempt, in their actions; no matter how deftly, or how sweetly, they may soft-soap American Catholics, or try to do so, by sending us so many of their literary converts to lecture us, and to spread propaganda about Britain being the great protector of the world-missions of the Catholic Church! But even if these lecturers don't fool us, much; they certainly help the British government to rake in American dollars they so badly need! Look at this Lord Lothian business! Think of sending to a country with more than twenty million Catholics, the majority of them being of Irish stock, and therefore with seven centuries of experience of British perfidy in their very marrow, a fallen-away Catholic, and one hooked up with that powerful anti-Catholic organization, the Christian Scientists, as their Ambassador.
>
> At a time, too, when the world-influence of Catholicism is being struggled for so strongly by all the parties concerned in the wars and revolutions raging everywhere except in our own land of peace—which we must keep a land of peace, in spite of the British propaganda. However, how stupid that expensive propaganda really is! Lord Lothian's case is typical of this chronic stupidity. How could such a man, no matter how sound or able in other respects, gain any American Catholic confidence in British justice, when his own selection to a country where Catholics are so numerous, and to which Catholics he could be nothing but offensive, conclusively demonstrated British contempt for Catholic Americans!

The above remarks represent a brief, yet accurate, summary of a flood of such and similar—and sometimes even more sharply-barbed—comments on Lord Lothian and his Government heard by me during the last few years. Now the facts in the case are that Lord Lothian was, indeed, a lapsed Catholic; and one who had gone over to Christian Science—which, rightly or wrongly, is regarded by Catholic Americans as the enemy of their Church. This he had done after flirting with Oriental mysticisms in India, when he was the brilliant young apostle of British liberal imperialism, as Mr. Philip Kerr—late, private secretary to Lloyd George at the Paris Peace Conference, where the Welsh genius was credited with having effectively backed up the anti-Catholic Clemenceau in the latter's refusal to grant new political strength to the Catholic regions of Germany and Austria and Hungary. If that strength had been given to the civilized forces of Southern Germany and Austria-Hungary twenty years ago, it might have prevented the present explosion of atheistic Prussian militarism now led by Hitler, the apostle of nihilistic destruction and chaos.

However, let all sensible Americans, whatever their religious faith may be, and especially the great majority of our twenty million American Catholics—who pay far less serious attention to the noisy nuisance-wing of misled Catholics than many agitated leaders of public opinion may imagine—be grateful for the appointment of Lord Halifax, which definitely removes all shadow of cause for resentment among Catholics such as Lord Lothian unfortunately provoked.

His understanding of and cooperative sympathy with Roman Catholicism, as the lay leader of the Anglo-Catholic forces of the Church of England, are well known. Those forces, incidentally, have done more effective work for genuine social justice among English Catholic workers than any other religious group in the English-speaking world, with the exception, of course, of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, under Monsignor Ryan, and backed by the American Catholic bishops, in our own country.

His coming as the British Ambassador removes all grounds for the sort of talk spread against Lord Lothian, probably with much injustice, but after all with some real basis for complaint. Catholics will recognize, as will all open-minded Americans, that Lord Halifax, upon whose shoulders the mantle of his noble father, that great champion of Christian civilization, has descended—and whom that garment of peace and freedom fits so well—expresses even more adequately than his political leader, the fighting champion of Christendom, Winston Churchill, the spiritual and moral principles which are now the main issue of the world-struggle to win which England now makes splendid war.

We know, at long last, that England's war is our war. It is, indeed, the justifiable and necessary war of free, democratic Christian peoples. It is that also for their allies, of all races and religions other than the races and religions which have surrendered their souls to pagan imperialism. It is being waged to fight back and clear away the defeated remnants of the barbarian atheists, as a preliminary to making a new and sanely ordered society.

In England, Cardinal Hinsley, the leader of the Catholic "Sword of the Spirit" movement, is collaborating with the leaders of the Anglican and the Evangelical Protestant churches in forming a united Christian front—sociologically and patriotically speaking . Their movement does not rest on theological identity of principles, but rather upon the broad, firm, unyielding ground of a community of interests truly preexisting among all Christian folk, and among all worshippers of Almighty God who as yet do not recognize the full Christian doctrine, but who are equally as determined as are the Christians, to maintain the human liberties and the dignity of the individual, which only those races and nations may gain and keep who put their trust in God, and not in man alone.

Had one of the many others who were mentioned as possible ambassadors to Washington been chosen instead of Lord Halifax, he might have been one connected with the Ulster Orange Lodges or Grand Orient Masonry or some

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other bitterly anti-Catholic group. Such a fact would have made him obnoxious even to common-sense American Catholics. Probably they would not have blamed the British government, knowing that the religious affiliations of their appointee probably had not been considered at all; nevertheless, such Catholics would have considered such indifference highly blameworthy. Such a happening would merely have proven once more the sad fact that British governments, like our own, are at times unfortunately insensitive to spiritual and moral values. It is high time that our democratic statesmen should understand, however, that to disregard spiritual and moral considerations in appointing their servants of state is to run the risk of inflecting serious damage to their nations' best interests.

The religious problems connected with the higher problems of state constitute the very crux of the mighty struggle, the vast revolution, now in progress . The relations of religious interests with the interests of government and, indeed, with all the manifold interests of humanity, are among the primary political problems of our age. For some centuries, religion has been relegated to the obscurity of purely private concerns; but it is truly a public value, the highest of all such values. It must be recognized once more as the primary power it truly is, and this power must be led into cooperation with a truly civilized society, especially with that society's free press. For if religion is continuously neglected by its fair-weather friends, in times of storm it will be finally throttled and enslaved by the evil forces of the totalitarian tyrannies which everlastingly hate religion, because true religion is tyranny's deadliest opponent.

Communications

AFTER MOST CAREFUL CONSIDERATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your editorial "After Most Careful Consideration" in THE COMMONWEAL for December 20, appears to me to be somewhat unfair to the British attitude concerning the passage of food through the blockade. You adhere to the point of view taken by the New York *Times* and others that the democratic peoples of Europe may be alienated from England by the blockade so that, even if Hitler loses, his revolution may win. I think most of us recognize the latter possibility under any circumstances—but not because of the blockade. The democracies, including ourselves, have been rotten, weak, self-seeking, unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary to preserve our hard-won freedom. If this were not so there would be no totalitarian states. It is obvious that if we are to continue even after victory over Hitler, it will be because each individual seeks what we can give to, and what he can do for, his country, not what he can get out of it. The possible failure of democracy can scarcely be tied up to the blockade.

Your thesis that England is at least partly responsible for the lack of adequate supplies in the conquered countries and that they will hate her for it assumes that the conquered people want their enemy to continue its hold over them, and involves a false idea of the meaning and the purpose of the blockade. The only way in which England is responsible for the plight of these people is that she was not strong enough to beat Hitler back alone and prevent their subjugation.

A continent cannot be starved by a blockade. The means of producing food are present if they are used. The blockade puts it up to the government in charge to decide whether sufficient people will be taken from war work to till the fields and produce food so as to maintain life—or whether all will be staked on a short war. The only present blockade which may result in starvation in spite of any decision on the part of the people involved, is the blockade of Great Britain by Germany—for Great Britain is an island. If Europe starves it is because Germany decides that it is to be that way.

It is hardly fair to claim that since "the risk of starvation has been greatly exaggerated" the British argument for maintaining the blockade is weakened. There are great stores of food in Germany made up of their own harvests and the store stolen from the conquered lands (plenty of documentary proof of this exists). This lessens Great Britain's chance of making the blockade immediately effective. It does not weaken the strength of the claim that Germany is responsible for the shortages where they exist and that it is up to Germany to return them and to look after the people involved. It is very difficult to understand how England can be blamed, except by those who bear her rancor for the past, or why we should be urged to put pressure on her to help our common enemy.

There is much evidence, also, that the people overrun by Hitler want nothing done which will prolong their slavery. Many people in this country do not seem to be able to grasp that fact, but there are those who are willing to die for a cause—that their children may have a better chance in life. They do not measure the cost and they rise above the defeatism which claims that nothing can be gained by fighting because a certain war waged from 1914-1918 did not make the world over.

We have food to spare and there are many in our midst who need it. Also there are the Chinese whose friends we claim to be, who have been fighting for freedom for years while we *sold* the implements of war to their enemies. There is real starvation in China and a good case can be made out for our culpability in the matter. There are also the Poles, deported in quantities to starve in far off Siberia. Those are both worthwhile objectives for the humanitarian spirit of Americans to fasten upon. By all means, let us prepare to ship food to Europe when this war is over, but, in the name of common sense, let us stop putting pressure on England to assist our common enemy.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

St. Albans, N. Y.

TO the Editors: A number of eminent names are associated with a statement condemning the proposal to send food to the conquered peoples of Europe. Their opposition can be reduced to one fundamental basic argument which assumes somewhat of a syllogistic form. It

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runs as follows: (1) England is defending not only her very existence, but, directly or indirectly, Christian civilization and Democracy. (2) It is imperative, therefore, that England emerge from this conflict victorious. (3) Any action that would militate against England's victory is unjustifiable. (4) The sending of food to the conquered peoples of Europe would indirectly assist Hitler, the enemy of human rights and Christian principles. (5) Therefore, the proposal to send aid to the conquered peoples stands condemned.

The argument urging aid has not, as far as I know, assumed such a formidably logical shape. It may be, I believe, summed up as follows: To enforce the starvation of the conquered peoples of Europe seems to be inhuman and does violence to our human, let alone our Christian, sentiments and instincts. The form that this argument assumes seems to lend color to the charge, made by Miss Byrne, that the basis of the proposal to send food is essentially a sentimental one.

An examination of the controversy yields the fact that the differences of opinion deal exclusively with the third link in the argument against aid to the subjugated peoples of Europe.

If we are to get anywhere, we shall have to single out this particular stage or link in the reasoning process and subject it to close analysis and bring out its inherent weaknesses and point out its far-reaching implications.

To begin with, it must be clearly and conclusively proved that such aid will exercise a decisive influence upon the outcome of the war. It must be shown beyond a shadow of doubt that it will be a determinant and preponderating factor in the issue of this conflict. It is not enough to point out that the sending of food to our unfortunate and suffering brethren of Europe will indirectly serve Hitler's aim. For if such service to Hitler is negligible, or impotent as a determinant of the issue, it would be un-Christian and brutal on our part to permit such widespread suffering and starvation.

As yet no statistical, precise and exhaustive study has been made to measure the exact contribution that would be made to Hitler's success should we sustain life in the temporarily subjected peoples of Europe.

Moreover, we should like to know in what way could the continued existence of the countless children, and the mothers upon whom they are dependent, prove so terribly important to Hitler's aims?

What of the implications of this principle of permissive starvation? What sort of precedent does it establish for future wars? Is it not clear that future belligerents will be able to evoke the precedent, established by a Christian country defending high ideals and human values, of bringing about the liquidation of a nation by forcefully refusing succor to reach it, because its very existence serves in an indirect way to further the interests of the enemy.

The terrible possibilities of this implication are sufficiently clear. Pushed to its logical conclusions it means that the blockading and even the bombing of a neutral civilian population is justified on the ground that its neutrality helps indirectly the success of the enemy. It might be argued that the destruction of a people is of little consequence as compared with the eventual domination by a people espoused to principles destructive of man's highest good.

It will mean, further, that in the future no people will be permitted to remain neutral. Since modern conditions render the different peoples of the world interdependent economically, the refusal to engage in a war may justify its decimation and subjection by a superior belligerent nation dependent upon its economic resources. Conscientious objections on the part of the weaker nations to engage in a war will have no meaning to belligerents, for it will be argued that their neutrality contributes to the success of the enemy.

It delivers a mortal blow to the distinction between the civilian population and the military forces.

It is obvious that the civilian population of Germany is essential to German victory, as is the civilian population of England, to England's victory. In strict logic, England would be justified *on principle* in bombing deliberately the civilian population of Germany on the ground that it contributes to Hitler's success.

This process of drawing out the logical consequences stemming from the implied acceptance of the principle that the "end justifies the means" can go on and on. Each one of us must consider what this principle means and what its acceptance will mean to the reconstruction of the world along the principles of the Christian religion.

Confronted by such logical implications, which if realized would bathe the world in blood and tears, would efficiently annihilate the peoples of the world and extirpate from the hearts and minds of men the seeds of Christian teachings and living, confronted by the fact that the withholding of food to the conquered peoples of Europe would have the immediate effect of causing suffering and starvation on a wide scale, confronted by the fact that no definite, conclusive and convincing proof is forthcoming that such aid will determine the outcome of the war in favor of Hitler's success, how can we justify ourselves in refusing succor to those sorrowful and suffering members of the Mystical Body of Christ?

ANTHONY P. ULLO.

The Stage & Screen

The Old Foolishness

THE FINEST PLAY so far this season lasted just three performances. The reason was the almost universal critical disfavor with which Paul Vincent Carroll's play was received. From patronizing acknowledgment that there were in it some good things to the statement that it was "romantic dishwater" ran the pronouncements of the daily press. Yet to me it was a play of singular poignancy and beauty, marred only in one scene by a slightly too operatic treatment, with a consequent weakening of artistic sincerity. And it was on the whole beautifully acted. "The Old Foolishness" tells the simple story of an Irish girl, beloved by three brothers,

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a romantic poet, a hard-working realist, and a bitter radical. She has been the mistress of the radical, she learns to love the realist, the man of the soil, but at the end she leaves them all because she realizes she can make none of them happy. But this is only the bare bones. It is in his creation of character, and above all in the beauty, imagination and rhythm of his phrasing, that Paul Carroll proves himself once more the most vital talent the English-speaking theatre has revealed since Sean O'Casey. Carroll is a mystic, and as such he annoys the particular type of mind which at present is supreme in the New York critical world. That mind recognizes his mastery of word and phrase, but boggles at what has made that mastery possible.

Carroll's characters are set in a world of faith, and even those who deny that faith are conditioned by it, and strive in vain to escape from it. Their roots are sunk deep in the age-old soil of Ireland, a soil watered by the tears of suffering, enriched by struggle and desire. There is common-sense in his people, and this is expressed in their wit; but there is more than common-sense—and this to one critic is "dishwater." There is no use in arguing with this point of view, for it is a point of view which excludes the imagination. It is the dream expressed with peasant imagery which annoys this type of mind, a type of mind whose dreams are limited within the horizon of material things. Religion, romantic love, whether for woman or for native land, is to this mind a relic of the past of barbarism, a mind to whom man does live by bread alone. It is a mind which is keen, cynical, often powerful; but it is a mind which can never fructify. At a time when the imagination is running riot, when common-sense has departed from art, that mind has a duty to perform; but at a time when the imagination is almost non-existent, for it to strike down a work in which the imagination does exist is tragic.

Roy Roberts, Vincent Donahue and Sean Dillon were admirable as the three brothers, as were Walter Burke as a human and most humorous leprauchaun and Guerita Donnelly as a fat and sensible colleen. Sally O'Neil played the girl with rare poetry, sensitiveness and feeling, and Rachel Crothers's direction was incisive and sympathetic. "The Old Foolishness" is no longer to be seen, but when it is published it surely will be read, and let us hope in a more auspicious time revived with a company as admirable as the one which gave it at the Windsor Theatre.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Soothing No Savage Beast

HOLLYWOOD seems to have the idea that these times call for light, frivolous, girlie musicals. All right! Let's have some musicals with tuneful scores, gay entertainment and at least a modicum of intelligence. This week's program doesn't indicate that we're going to be overrushed with good examples.

It was inevitable that Mary Martin would sing for her film audiences "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," the stage number that brought her into the limelight. In *"Love Thy Neighbor,"* she does, and well. The rest of the picture is concerned with feuding between Jack Benny and Fred Allen with Mary trying to be peacemaker. Those two radio personalities have a big time with gags and bouts. Allen seems to come out ahead, but Benny gets Mary. The insomnia sequence, in which Fred counts sheep herded by Jack, is a delight. Mark Sandrich has staged the show effectively without dallying over production numbers which are good without being super, and by allowing only short waits in between the funniest gags. I wish we had seen more of Eddie Anderson (Rochester) and his Harlem Social Come-What-May Club, but he does have his share of feeding the radio smartie-pants with lines and answers.

I hope *"A Night at Earl Carroll's"* is not an example of what we're in for. Kurt Neumann's limpid direction of this film might indicate that he was dumbfounded by the whole idea. A feeble plot shows what goes on backstage and on stage when Earl Carroll (himself) and his principal performers are kidnapped. Ken Murray struggles painfully with corny jokes while Rose Hobart bosses the show. In a series of bigger and better production numbers, "the most beautiful girls in the world" drip with gold leaf, pearls, sequins, feathers, cellophane, hoops and whoops. The efforts of the comedians fall pretty flat.

But the week's worse miss is *"No, No, Nanette."* Somehow that 1925 musical comedy with Vincent Youmans's score looked and sounded pretty good—in reminiscence. "I Want to Be Happy" and "Tea for Two" are still good songs, but the rest of the show should have been left to reminiscence. Producer-director Herbert Wilcox does little to help his extraordinarily good cast through one of the stupidest stories that was ever dug up for reinterment. Even the music isn't given the emphasis it deserves. Pretty, winsome Anna Neagle, who seldom walks when she can run or dance, spends all her time helping her philandering uncle, Roland Young, to dispose of the miscellaneous girls (Eve Arden, Tamara, Dorothea Kent) into whose lives he tried to bring just a ray of sunshine. Richard Carlson and Victor Mature try to help too, but for some strange reason they also try to win the hand of this silly girl who wastes her time getting her uncle out of jams. Helen Broderick and Zasu Pitts, two of cinema's best comediennes, don't try to help. They just waste their time in this picture.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation — Rockefeller Center

One of the outstanding pictures of many seasons . . . superb screen version of the brilliant stage triumph . . . deftly enacted by three famous stars.

CARY GRANT KATHARINE HEPBURN
JAMES STEWART

"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"

a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE: The annual Christmas stage show will continue through December 29th. Florence Rogge's gala New Year revue will open Monday, December 30th, featuring Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and specialties. Symphony Orchestra, direction of Erno Rapee.

First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

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Books of the Week

Man of Animals

Trail of an Artist-Naturalist. Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribner. $3.75.

WHETHER by accident or design, Ernest Thompson Seton has chosen to write down his memories, not of his successful life as an author and naturalist, but of the experiences in his youth which formed and nourished his later life. That is perhaps as it should be, for the important part of an author's life is in his books; whereas the unwritten story of his youth is that of the formation of his talent. The result is a book which is written from fresh and happy memories, memories of the forest frontier in Ontario in the 1860's and 70's, which are the bases of Seton's masterpiece of writing for boys, "Two Little Savages," which I was interested to find is autobiographical; memories of the splendid, untouched spectacle of bird and animal life on the plains of Manitoba, before it vanished at the coming of the homesteader; memories of an art student's life in London and Paris; of the Southwest in the great days of the cattle industry. It is a life in which impressions of nature mean more than impressions of people, except for a story about the author's father that is certainly one of the most extraordinary tales ever told of any parent. But the chief actors in this autobiography are the prairies and the forest, the marshes of Toronto Bay, the Winnipeg wolf, Lobo the desert wolf, the bird which for years he knew only as the Voice in the Tamaracks and their like. Many of them are characters familiar to the reader of Seton's books.

Of the importance of Seton's serious scientific work I cannot speak, for I have not read his "Life Histories of Northern Animals" or "Lives of Game Animals." But of the imaginative stimulus he gave to a whole generation of boys who grew up before the war of 1914, I feel as well able to speak as anyone, for no one, I feel certain, poured over "Two Little Savages," "Rolf in the Woods" and "Wild Animals I Have Known" with more delight. It is no small achievement to color the imagination of a generation. Seton was, it is true, not alone in this work; for we can see, as we look back, that a great part of the best thought in America was devoted in the later nineteenth century to discovering the importance that nature had for our civilization, an effort which resulted in a rich literature and some of our best painting, as well as the conservation movement and its attendant professions, much important work in natural history, and the foundation of the great boys' and girls' organizations of today. But Seton was a great popularizer, perhaps the greatest popularizer, of animal and forest life. The self-revelation of such a man has its importance. What was the secret of his achievement? He gives a vivid record of his struggle against poverty and lack of advantages. But others have worked as hard and shown equal will and intelligence with other results. Seton himself gives the clue to his special achievement in a passage written as he looked over his old notebooks, in search of a bird which had meant much to him in his unknown years of self-training on the western plains: "As I look over the ancient record written by the campfire at night, I am conscious of this: that the detail of birds and beasts, with set and science names, as given in my paper record, is not the real thing. This was the new light—the spiritual joy, the lasting memories of life—life—beautiful life on every side." This seems to me the key to Seton's importance. He was sound naturalist enough to come unscathed through the "nature-faking" controversy of the early years of the century. But he had also esthetic gifts and a love of life which enabled him to transcend the limits of specialized knowledge and to captivate the imagination of a generation. His ability to go beyond the narrow professionalism of modern knowledge is more important to our civilization, I think, than the world has recently been inclined to admit. We are accustomed to popularization which means vulgarization. Seton showed that it can be an independent, imaginative achievement that makes abstract knowledge a living part of general culture. In boys' magazines today pseudo-science and aviation head the list of interests, while nature, together with historical stories, hangs on by sufferance at the bottom of the list. Is this because the world has changed and values are now different, or is it the lack of a first-rate talent of the rare sort that Ernest Thompson Seton possessed?

E. P. RICHARDSON.

BIOGRAPHY

Without Drums. P. A. B. Widener. Putnam. $3.00.

ALTHOUGHT Jay Gould richly deserved his immortal fame as a financier, he seldom conceived of any operation as beautiful as the exploits of the late Traction Ring. That syndicate, which included such expert minds as Widener, Elkins, Whitney, Ryan and Yerkes, preyed with perfect precision upon the street railway franchises of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other American cities. So it was that the first P. A. B. Widener, who began his business career as a mere butcher in Philadelphia, ended his days in a costly mansion at the corner of Broad and Girard Streets. Since, the Wideners have dwelled in palaces designed by Horace Trumbauer. They have collected gorgeous paintings; they have maintained enviable stables. Now the second P. A. B. Widener, grandson and namesake of the founder of the fortune, has written his autobiography, *Without Drums.*

It was the fate of this Widener to discover, on his return from the World War, that neither palaces, paintings nor turf entries could dispel his profound boredom. In his plight, he turned to the breeding of dogs. It is only recently that he joyed in the triumphs of his father's horses. As yet, he has neither commanded a mansion nor collected a painting. The second P. A. B. Widener is a well-meaning young man. The story of his wanderyears in Ritz Hotels and ocean liners might have commanded the attention of many had he chosen to insert a single anecdote worth retelling. He has, unfortunately, brought not a single character to life, not even his mother, who was born to elegance as a Pancoast.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Witch Hunt. George Seldes. Modern Age. $2.75.

JUST to start off right, we might say that Mr. Seldes sounds like a communist fellow-traveler. But whether he is or not, his book "Witch Hunt" has done a real service in throwing additional light on the vicious practices of that large and powerful element among big businessmen and professional patriots who systematically set out to smear with the red label every effective effort to raise the living standard of America's poor from the level of the gutter.

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Typical of the unblushing hypocrisy of many of these people is the story Mr. Seldes tells of John W. Young, president of Federal Laboratories, purveyors of tear gas for use in subduing strike riots. Mr. Young's company makes a practice of sending a lot of wild-eyed anti-communist literature to prospective customers, with the idea of creating the kind of hysteria that sees a red revolutionary in every striker and thereby greatly facilitates the work of Federal Lab. salesmen. And yet this patriotic gentleman had to admit to the LaFollette Committee that when he got the chance he didn't hesitate to sell munitions worth a paltry $339.43 to the Soviet Union.

When he is exposing tricks like this—tricks that run easily to mass bribery, press prostitution, violence and sudden death, Mr. Seldes' book is good and valuable. But there are things on the debit side: first among which must be numbered the author's tendency to assume that everyone on the employer's team is an incarnation of deceit, luxury and violence, while all the boys in the labor-liberal camp are chock-full of beauty, truth and goodness. This includes, of course, the communists, and so it follows naturally that whoever touches, or criticizes, a hair of the head of a comrade, whether or not he be a starving worker himself, is actually a stooge of the "labor-hating, labor-baiting, fascist reaction" (as the chant goes).

We cannot help thinking that purely for his own education Mr. Seldes should write a book on fascist-baiting, with sub-sections on the state of that sport before and after the Russo-German agreement; perhaps another book on Trotskyite-baiting; and another on civil liberties in Russia; and just one more on violence and deceit as employed by labor leaders whom Mr. Seldes now seems to hold in great admiration, naïve or otherwise. Life is really not so simple, Mr. Seldes. JOHN C. CORT.

MISCELLANEOUS

With Love and Irony. Lin Yutang. J. Day. $2.75.

MANY OF these essays of Lin Yutang's date rather obviously, but all of them are readable, even when the good Doctor has to drag irony in, yowling, by the tail. (He is apparently mindful, to put it euphemistically, of his American reputation.) Such essays as that on "The Calisthenic Value of Kowtowing" and "In Defense of Gold Diggers" are salubrious, but many of the others are only mediocre journalism.

Dr. Yutang's racial comparisons seem objective and truthful, and one is prepared to believe, until proven otherwise, his estimates and opinions of his own country. Not particularly on Mrs. Pearl Buck's say-so, however. It is just that Lin Yutang's writings about his own country bear the mark of authenticity. Indeed, Mrs. Buck's hearty recommendation of her friend, to say nothing of the friend's plug for her, leave a slightly bad taste in the mouth, since Mrs. Buck's present husband also happens to be Lin Yutang's publisher.

Lin Yutang lampoons his "American-returned" countrymen for their sedulous ways, seemingly unmindful that many of his own people feel he has been pretty sedulous himself. He works overtime in these writings to be sure that everyone knows how liberal and modern he is, so that finally the wonder is that as much truth comes clear as actually does. He knows those mechanical men, the Japanese, perfectly, and he knows that what Americans object to in a gold-digger is not that she has cheapened sex but that she has cost someone with money a considerable part of that money. *That* is the sin, he knows, in American eyes. Kurt Wiese's illustrations are considerably more than acceptable. HARRY SYLVESTER.

PHILOSOPHY

An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth. Bertrand Russell. Norton. $3.75.

THIS IS a good ghost story. Mr. Russell himself, who has based the present work on the William James lectures for 1940 delivered by him at Harvard University, might consider that such a characterization of his book is simply a New York way of adding insult to injury. However, the only time that New York enters the present discussion is when the author says, in the last sentence of the preface, that "this book would have formed the substance of my lectures at the College of the City of New York, if my appointment there had not been annulled." Fortunately a book that is concerned with language, logic and metaphysics can be discussed without any excursion into the problem expressed in Mr. Russell's contrary-to-fact-conditional sentence.

So I say that this book is a good ghost story. And therein lies one of its merits. That is, if one likes being haunted. For Mr. Russell is haunted by an age-old problem, a problem that was supposed to have marked the sterility of medieval thought, and that, nevertheless, is sufficiently alive to cause a contemporary philosopher to think with sharpness and precision in order to analyze it correctly. It is the problem of universals.

Once upon a time, medieval thinkers, attracted by Plato's world of ideas, tried in all sorts of ways to make the Platonic vision their own. With some eminent exceptions, they failed. Because the world of ideas was multiple, it couldn't be God. Because it was somehow perfect, it couldn't be the world of our everyday experience. And yet our thought revealed it to us, and our language mirrored it What happened in medieval thought was that by the fourteenth century the Platonic ideas were driven out of reality, both divine and created. From that moment Plato lived to haunt the language which we use to express our ideas.

In its fundamental conclusions Mr. Russell's book is a study of language according as it reveals significance and truth. Nevertheless, it *is* a ghost story. That language is not as restricted and barren as some logical positivists urge, Mr. Russell proves. That Mr. Dewey's instrumentalism is wrong, because, in fact, it is wrong-end-to, Mr. Russell also proves in some quite triumphant pages. Finally, Mr. Russell proves, as well, that the analysis of language indicates the existence of universals and, more generally, of non-linguistic facts. But all this simply prepares the way for a mystery. I don't know how Mr. Russell's animal psychology, his theory of experience, no less than his theory of fact, can bear such a superstructure. He is often stubbornly true to common sense whenever logical positivism threatens him with a dictatorship of words. Such stubbornness is admirable, for the dictatorship of animal sounds is surely a fate to be dreaded. But Mr. Russell's alternative is a paradox. What are we to make of words haunted by universals in a world where being is an illusion and where experience is entirely atomic and entirely sunk in animality? Is Mr. Russell sure that he has heard all of the famous message that the Mantinean priestess Diotima once delivered to an enraptured Socrates?

ANTON C. PEGIS.

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BRIEFERS

Do Not Disturb. Frank Case. Stokes. $3.00.

THE PURELY American—indeed Yankee—Bemelmans at work again in his own "inimitable" manner. Frank Case knows a lot of nice people, and they unquestionably know him. Altogether a pleasant if mild book. Soglow's illustrations are no help, as far as the present reviewer is concerned, a reviewer who wishes he could call Mr. Case "Frank," which is probably not what Mr. C. is called by his intimates anyway.

Tuberculosis and Genius. Lewis J. Moorman, M.D. Chicago. $2.50.

DR. MOORMAN threads ten case histories of celebrated men and women on the rather barren thesis that tuberculosis often actualizes latent potentialities in those suffering from the disease. Although no one can help but feel the wonder of these lives compounded of genius and pain, the hypothesis is not comprehensive enough either to unify the book or to give direction to the separate essays.

History of the Romantic Movement in Spain. E. Allison Peers. Cambridge. Macmillan. $12.00.

THESE two excellently produced volumes are a pioneer work in the field of Spanish romanticism. They represent the labor of many years, expended not alone by Professor Peers but by a veritable corps of coadjutors and assistants, librarians and scholars. The materials had to be gathered together from files of forgotten periodicals; from dusty manifestoes, long since outmoded; the very organization of what was available was a work in itself. The result is a scholarly and apparently final disposition of the subject.

John and William Bartram. Ernest Earnest. Pennsylvania. $2.00.

THERE is a fine simplicity about this biography of the Bartrams, those two unassuming representatives of the culture and genius of our colonial era. With friendliness and humor Mr. Earnest has studied their contributions to the science of botany and the art of literature. Readers eager for brevity and accuracy will find full satisfaction in this volume where deftness in character portrayal is equaled by skill in analysis of philosophical tendencies. To read the book is to find adventure. Would you prolong the adventure? Turn to John Bartram's *Observations* and William Bartram's *Travels.*

American Figureheads and Their Carvers. Pauline A. Pinckney. Norton. $4.00.

AN UNUSUALLY competent and attractive gift book, especially for those with a lively interest in American traditions. One of the most picturesque of these was the development of the clipper and other American ships that were the queens of the seas in a day when trade was opening up new vistas for the peoples of the world. The volume is profusely illustrated and it focuses attention in an informal, human fashion on such well-known carvers and figurehead designers as the Rushes, the McIntyres and the Skillins of Boston. The author is intent on showing that "real ship carving was not the work of chance carpenters or joiners who happened to dwell near a shipyard, but the serious work of American craftsmen of strong creative purpose."

The Inner Forum

THE MARKED SUCCESS of this fall's National Catholic Rural Life Conference at Saint Cloud, Minnesota, was one of the many indications of the interest of the Church in the US in the development of rural life. The direction of the efforts of the conference is indicated by two pamphlets it has just published. The first, "City Slickers and Dumb Farmers," by Emerson Hynes, indicates why life on the farm is better for the family than life in the city. The second, "Farm-Family Prosperity," is illustrated. It outlines in simple fashion the best means of making sure of one's living on a farm. It is an attack on one-crop farming, a paean for the family farm. Here are some captions for good farm pictures: "The good farm will provide work and income for everyone in the famliy 52 weeks in the year." "The children are useful on the farm, and the farm builds them into useful men and women."

The *Christian Farmer,* "a National Monthly Devoted to the Interests of Christian Rural America," has just published its first issue at Wilton, Wisconsin. Reverend Urban Baer, the local Catholic pastor, executive secretary and regional director of the La Crosse Diocesan Rural Life Board, is editor. The paper's platform includes these objectives: family-sized and family-owned farms; farming as a way of living; parity prices for farm products; long-term credit at reasonable interest; reasonable legislation and government cooperation; farm organizations, credit unions, cooperatives, occupational groups; farmer-laborer cooperation; farm folk-schools and citizenship and vocational training; reciprocal trade agreements; intensive application of Christian principles to farm problems.

Meanwhile the number of Catholic farm communities continues to grow. One of the most recent is Alcuin Community at R.F.D. 4, Sugar Grove, Pennsylvania, a farming commune started by Ray Scott on land owned by St. John's Abbey of Collegeville, Minnesota. One of the latest projects is "Rural Communities" of 3709 Bergenline Ave., Union City, New Jersey, which intends to settle on 230 acres at Gillet, Pennsylvania, near Elmira, New York. The plan envisages a rural community comprising ten farmers, a tailor, a shoemaker, a storekeeper and several carpenters and builders. The community will have its own church and school. As Father C. Duffy, trustee for the project, says, "We shall have one community where people who believe in a Christian way of life will live as Christians should and give an example to others."

CONTRIBUTORS

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Wayne ANDREWS has just published his first book, "The Vanderbilt Legend."

John C. CORT is at present in Portsmouth, R. I., writing a book; he is one of the founders of the ACTU.

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